4/PZ
598

FT MEADE
GenColl

CAPTAIN GINGER AND THE GERMANS

ISABEL ANDERSON

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

H. Boylston Dummer'11.

Captain Ginger Aboard the Gee Whiz

BY

ISABEL ANDERSON

With Illustrations by H. BOYLSTON DUMMER

THE C. M. CLARK PUBLISHING CO.

BOSTON, MASS.

4-PZ
598

Copyright, 1911
The C. M. Clark Publishing Company
Boston, Massachusetts

GRIFFITH-STILLINGS PRESS
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

CLA312068

Captain Ginger Aboard the Gee Whiz

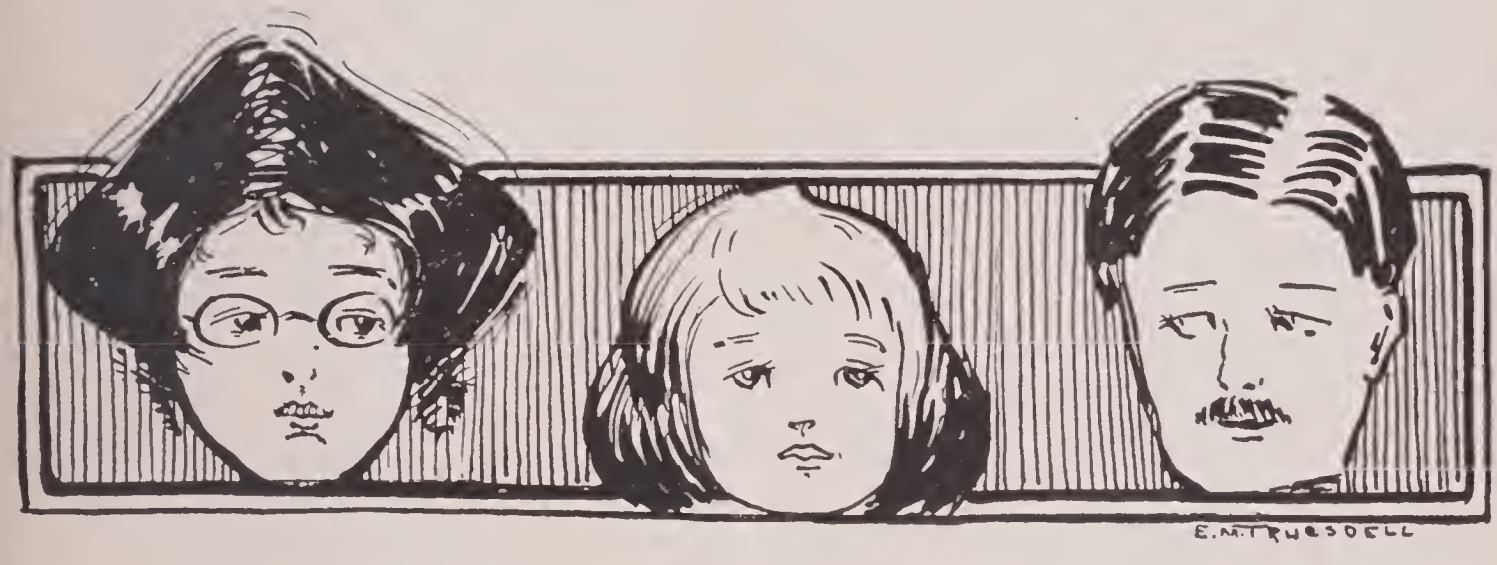
CAPTAIN GINGER was a little boy whose papa owned a big, beautiful house-boat called the Gee Whiz. It had pretty rooms and broad decks, and most exciting engines to make it go.

Ginger's papa had promised to take him and Auntie Owl-Eyes for a trip South on this boat, and they planned to go just as soon as the cold weather came in the North where Captain Ginger lived.

He was so excited over the promised trip that he talked of nothing else, till everyone in the family had grown tired of hearing about it.

Now Captain Ginger insisted on taking with him all his pets.

There was the dude dog, Toddles; the sniffing raccoon; the little black Billy goat; and the dearest little brown bear that one could imagine; but the most noisy of them all was the green Mexican parrot.



Ginger's papa always liked to please him, so one night he bundled the pets aboard the house-boat, and the next morning Auntie Owl-Eyes, Papa, and Captain Ginger started South.

They had a delightful voyage, and one bright morning in December Ginger awoke and peeped out of the little window in his cabin, just as the sun was rising out of the water like a great jack-o'-lantern.

He knew they must be in Florida, for there were palm trees all along the shore that his Auntie Owl-Eyes had told him about.

He had hardly raised his sleepy head from the pillow when he heard such a racket! There was every kind of noise you can think of.

The barking of the dog, the sniffing of the raccoon, the bleating of the goat, and the growling of the bear, besides Polly Squawk's voice calling shrilly, "Gee Whiz! Gee Whiz, but this is a fine boat."

Ginger buried his head 'way down into his pillow, but it didn't do any good. He had teased his papa to bring all his pets on board with him, because he was sure they would be lonely without him, and if they made the most dreadful noises he knew that he ought not to mind it.

They did not like traveling, even on a house-boat, and they quarreled with one another and with Ginger, too, whenever they got a chance. With Ginger and all his pets on board Father said that Bedlam would be a better name for the house-boat than Gee Whiz.

There were too many captains on the boat for one thing, and each wanted his own way. There was Captain Ginger, Captain Kydd, and Captain Brown.

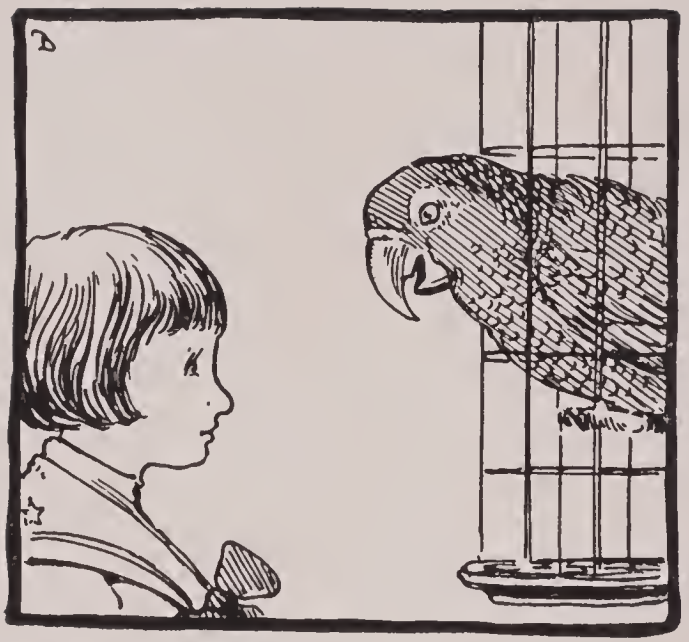
Captain Brown, to be sure, did not make any trouble; he just stayed up in the pilot-house and made the big house-boat go up the rivers and through the canals properly without bumping into the shore or getting mixed up in the snaggy places.

Captain Kydd was different. He was a most ob-strep-erous little black goat, and not a moment's peace did he give Captain Ginger.

Father said that Ginger ought to have known better than to want his goat brought aboard the Gee Whiz, for goats always like to have their own way.

But Ginger insisted that if all the other pets were going Captain Kydd would feel lonely at being left on shore; so the naughty goat had been dragged on board with the other pets.

When Ginger went out on deck this bright morning he found a pretty lively time there. All the animals were saying things to one another, each in his own language.



Polly Squawk, the big green and yellow parrot, was mocking them and making them very cross. "Cock-a-doodle-doo! Meow, meow! Bow-wow! Cluck, cluck! Get up!" she screamed.

Father, and Auntie Owl-Eyes with her big, shell-rimmed spectacles, came tumbling out of their cabins and scolded the parrot for waking them up so early.

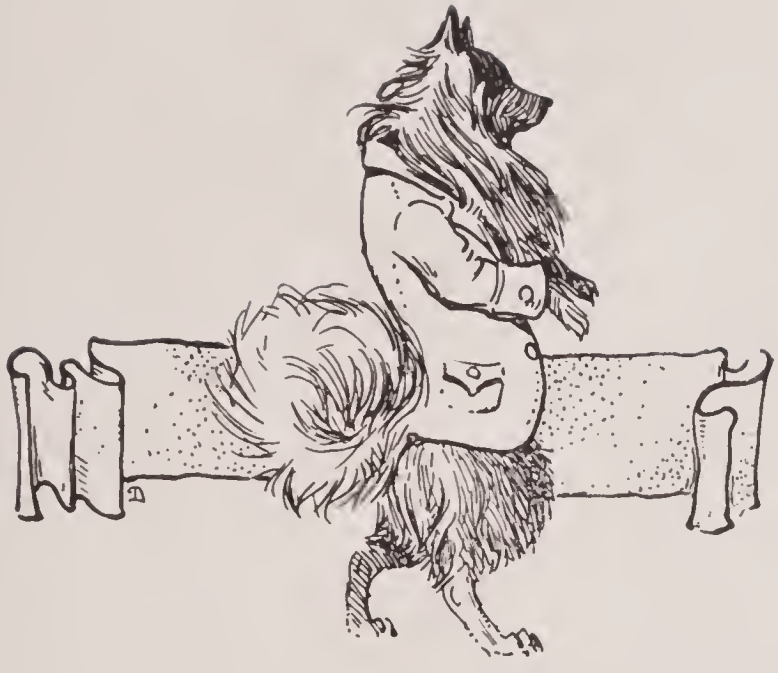
Mistress Squawk did not mind this, but clung wildly to the top of her cage, head down, crying gleefully, "Gee Whiz! Gee Whiz! Polly's a naughty girl. Polly's an old rat! Gee Whiz! Gee Whiz!"

Then she began to call the animals, and such a noise as there was!

"Hello, Captain Kydd! Bah! Bah! Hello, Toddles! Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Wake up, Toddles! Hello, Johnny Harvard! Hello, you naughty bear!

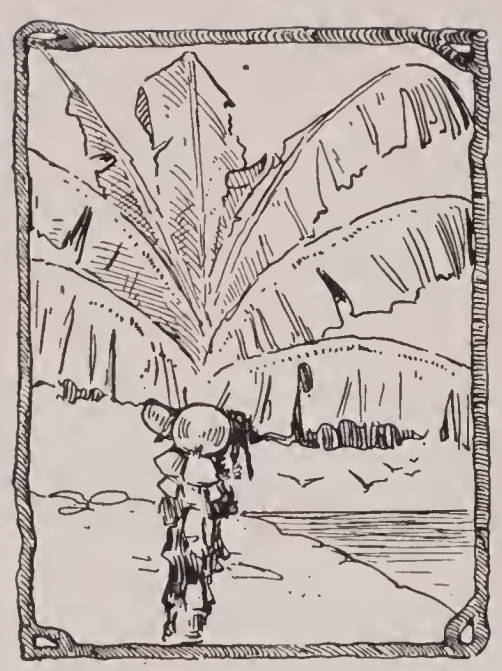
"Gr-gr-gr! Hello, Coonie Sniff! Get up, get up! Sniff! Sniff!"

When the sailor came around to feed them, they quieted down a little. It was funny enough to see Johnny Harvard, the wee baby bear, grumbling and biting his bottle in his wooden box.



While Toddles, the little dude of a bow-wow, sat up on his hind legs, with his coat all buttoned up snug and the tiniest handkerchief sticking out of his pocket.

Breakfast was served on deck for the first time since they had started.



This was a real sea dining-room. The pilot house was decorated with long pieces of seaweed, and cocoanuts carved into fantastic faces, and yellow sea fans, and branches of coral, and dried starfish.

DUMMER

There were old prints, too, of vessels of long ago — merchant craft, whaling ships, and great four-masters.

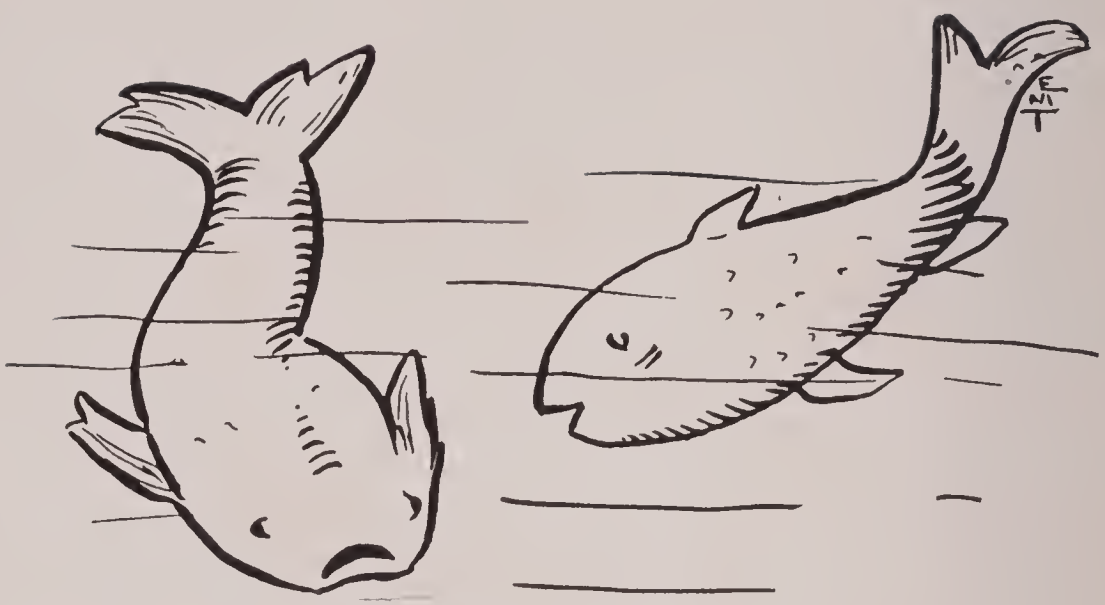
Ginger, in his nightie, all wrapped in a big shawl, sat with his pet raccoon curled up in his lap.

Captain Kydd, having finished his regular meal, was now wandering about licking the paint off the railing. Johnny, the little bear, was crying and squealing in his box because he had broken his bottle.

Auntie Owl-Eyes gave him some milk in a saucer, so he stopped his noise and began to suck his two front paws, after putting them into the dish. Such big, soft, furry paws as they were, too!

Then Coonie Sniff, the raccoon, began to nose about for something more to eat. Father gave him a piece of sugar, and what do you suppose Coonie did with it?

He took it gingerly in his little damp paws, then jumped down off Ginger's lap and dipped the lump into a pail of water, just as he did with everything that was given him to eat.



Then he sniffed because he could not find it, for it soon melted away.

"I suppose you prefer a crab or a live fish, you little cannibal," said Father.

"Father, where did you get Coonie Sniff?" asked Ginger.

"Well," answered Father, "I was out rowing one day among the mangrove keys.

"They are little islands in Florida, you know, covered with trees that have roots like a thousand legs—and there, sitting on the shore, I saw a little furry animal.

"At first I thought he was a fisherman's cat, but as I drew nearer I saw that he was a raccoon.

DUMMER

"The little rascal was busy opening clams. He didn't seem a bit afraid of me, and I walked right up to him and clapped my hat over him without any trouble."

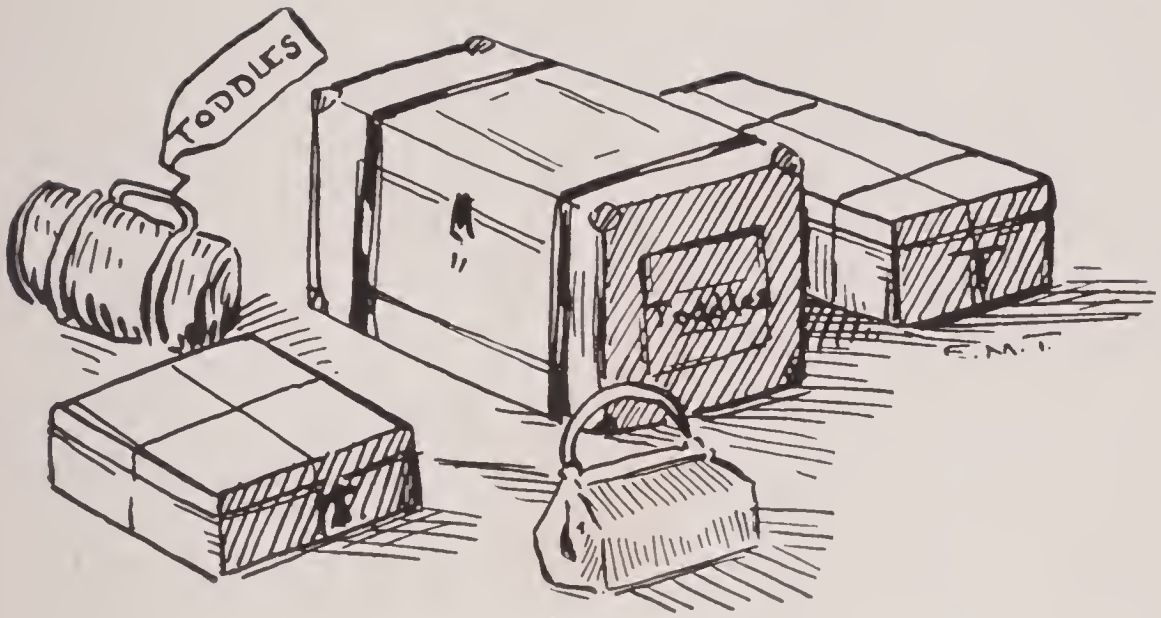
"Gee Whiz! Gee Whiz!" screamed the parrot again.

"Yes," answered Father, "this boat is well named. It is 'Gee Whiz' from morning till night."

Toddles wanted more breakfast, so he went around to his mistress and stood up on his hind legs again and wagged his tail furiously.

"Auntie, did you bring all Toddle's clothes?" Ginger inquired anxiously.

"All except his automobile goggles," answered Auntie Owl-Eyes.

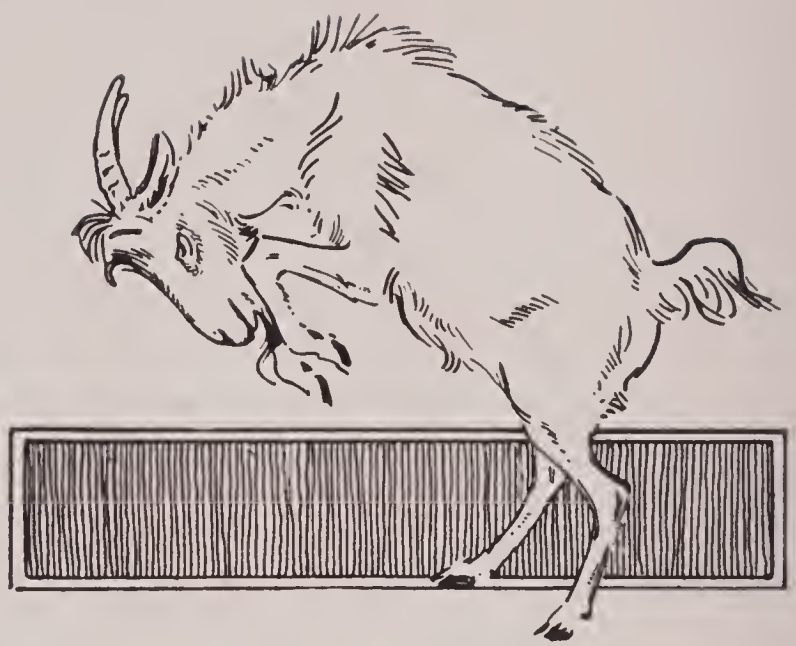


"He has his sleeping-basket with its pillows and shawl, his bath-tub, his trunk, the white checked coat, the little handkerchiefs with his name embroidered on them, and his four rubber boots. Oh, he is certainly a dude bow-wow!"

Just then up came Captain Kydd and butted the bear, tipped over the saucer of milk, kicked up his heels, and jumped over the dog, with Johnny Harvard after him.

H. Boylston Summerill

Polly Squawk shrieked, "Gee Whiz! Gee Whiz! Go it, Cap! Go it!" and laughed wildly. The goat was just beginning to enjoy himself.



He butted into Father's fishing rods and reels, sending gaffs and shining spoons all up and down the deck; then he made a dash for the guns, threw down the rifle, the shot-gun and all the cartridges.

"Gee Whiz! Gee Whiz!" cried the parrot.

Father couldn't stand it any longer. "Let down the launch!" he called out. "The tide is flood, and I'm off fishing. Captain Ginger owns this circus — let him take care of it himself."

"I'm going, too," said Auntie Owl-Eyes, who had rescued Toddles from the water-pail and wrapped him up in his blanket. "Ginger can stay behind and enjoy his pets."

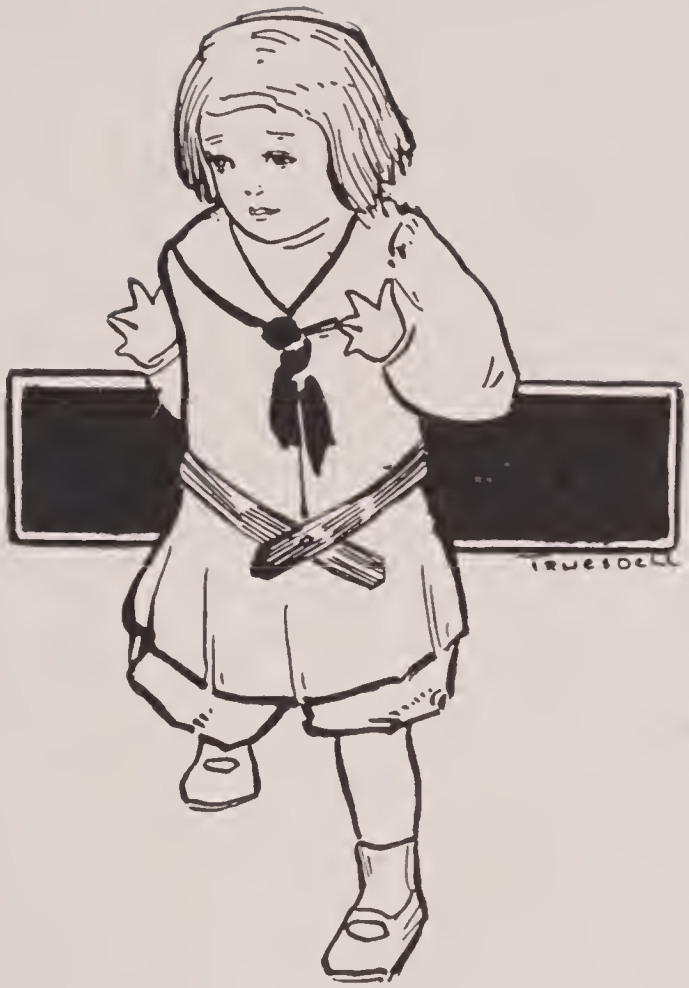
H. Boylston Dummer

So off they went over the port side, singing the Gee Whiz song at the top of their voices in which Captain Brown joined.

"We're the Buccaneers
That sail upon the sea,
Upon the sea.
Yes, we're the Buccaneers
That sail upon the sea.

"We're the Gee Whiz boys
That fear no noise,
That fear no noise.
Gee Whiz!
We fear no noise."

And Polly Squawk came in on the chorus, "Gee Whiz! Gee Whiz! I am sorry for you Captain Ginger."



Poor Captain Ginger! When he saw what a mix-up things were in, and how he had lost all the fun of going fishing with Father, just because of Captain Kydd, he flew into a dreadful rage.

He rushed at the little black goat with all his might, and the little black goat rushed at him, and they came together — plump! — right in the middle of the deck. The goat and the small boy both sat down — hard.

"Gee Whiz! Gee Whiz!" yelled Polly Squawk from her cage.

But Ginger just sat on the deck and dug his fists into his eyes and tried not to cry.

"If Grandma were here she would call me a little red pepper-pot," he thought, "and Aunty Owl-Eyes would tell me 'good little boys don't have tantrums.'"

DUMMER

By and by he got up and began to pick up the fishing rods and the guns and all the things that Captain Kydd had upset. He filled his arms full, and dragged his load along as well as he could.

All the animals sat in a row with their heads on one side looking at him. But Captain Kydd wanted one more tumble with his little master, so he raced 'way off down the deck to get a good start.

Ginger saw him coming, but there wasn't anything he could do. The little black kid came nearer and nearer. Ginger was scared, for he didn't like being butted at all.

"That is right, go it Captain Kydd! Butt him again! Gee Whiz! Gee Whiz!" screamed Polly Squawk.

Just then—in the very nick of time—out came good old Captain Brown and tripped the goat up with one foot, so that he tumbled head over heels, just the way he had tried to upset Captain Ginger.

At this Polly Squawk screamed more loudly than ever, "Gee Whiz! Gee Whiz! Gee Whiz!"

MAR 20 1912

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 020 662 387 1